

Punch

9^d



AT



Space... Speed... Beauty....

Here is a car with a distinctive personality of its own expressed through a superb elegance of line, luxurious comfort and a brilliant performance. The Humber Super Snipe is available with fully automatic transmission or overdrive, power-assisted steering and individual front seats as extras.

Humber

SUPER SNIPE

It is also available as a luxury Limousine and Estate Car. Saloon (as illustrated) £995 plus p.t. £415.14.2.



A product of

ROOTES MOTORS LTD

HUMBER LTD • DIVISION OF ROOTES MOTORS LTD • LONDON SHOWROOMS AND EXPORT DIVISION • ROOTES LTD • DEVONSHIRE HOUSE • LONDON W.1



Articles

- 768 RICHARD FINDLATER
*Once Again Assembled Here :
Return of Young Woodley*
- 771 FERGUSON MACLAY
Golf Gallerymen Misjudged
- 772 DAVID YATES MASON
Fickle Fête
- 774 P. R. BOYLE
Gardening? No Trouble at All
- 775 PATRICK RYAN
The Deciding Point
- 778 H. F. ELLIS with QUENTIN
BLAKE
Report from Oxford
- 789 ALEX ATKINSON with SEARLE
By Rocking-Chair Across Russia

Features

- 777 A.P.H.
Pillory
- 780 FOR WOMEN
- 782 IN THE CITY
Lombard Lane
- 782 IN THE COUNTRY
Gregory Blaxland
- 783 TOBY COMPETITION

Criticism

- 785 BOOKING OFFICE
Lord Kinross : The Go-Between
- 786 THEATRE (Alex Atkinson)
- 787 FILMS (Richard Mallett)
- 788 RADIO (Bernard Hollowood)

Subscriptions

If you wish to have *Punch* sent to your home each week, send £2 16s. 0d.* to the Publisher, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

*For overseas rates see page 792

© Bradbury, Agnew & Company, Limited—1960

The London Charivari

WHILE there is a soul in this island of ours to uphold the freedom of the press I trust we shall never see the tyranny of the iron heel, Cuban pattern, under which Castro plans to grind Havana social editors, imposing a tax of 7s. 2d. for every mention of one's name in the gossip column, or £35 14s. if one has a title, with an extra 7s. 2d. for each descriptive adjective; photographs £1 15s. per column inch or £3 10s. if of more than one person. Imagine, for example, the savage penalty which could be extorted from a gallant officer by publication of a gay nautical snapshot portraying breezy, weather-beaten Admiral the Hon. Sir Reginald Aylmer Ranfurly Plunkett-Ernlc-Erle-Drax sharing a joke with the ratings.

Another Milestone

SCIENTIFIC achievements follow one another so fast these days one simply can't keep up. On the inside flap of the dust-jacket of Lucien Barnier's new



book on "The Secrets of Soviet Science" the blurb begins "Ever since the Russians electrified the people of this planet . . ."

Life in Arcadia

AN American psychologist has suggested that in order to keep workers on their toes when they are bored with excessive automation, machines in factories ought



to be designed like the machines in pin-ball arcades, with lots of winking lights and bells. The workers no doubt will take the opportunity of pointing out the incentive value of one of those little slots which every so often belch forth cascades of coins.

Rock 'n' Roll of Ages

WHEN the Rev. Rowland Hill said that he did not see why the Devil should have all the good tunes (and if General Booth said it later he was simply cribbing) he no doubt assumed that the lyrics would remain as sacred as before. (Actually he was referring to a hymn called "When Jesus first at Heav'n's command"—tune: "Rule, Britannia!") Now the latest in the fashionable spate of jazz church-services has Frankie Laine records as a voluntary and an Elvis Presley song as an anthem, and this emphasizes the doubtful factor in this otherwise splendid state of affairs—that the young have become so

PUNCH AND THE PRINTING DISPUTE

A printing dispute has made it impossible for us to produce a **PUNCH** of normal format. We apologize to our readers.



"Don't serve him any more—it's probably a take-over bid."

used to songs in which the words are virtually meaningless that they hardly understand a word of what they sing. This is unimportant when they are singing "High-class Baby," but rather serious when they are singing the Nicene Creed.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

NOTHING, for a very long time, has given the third and fourth forms of the Fleet Street academy so much malicious fun as *The Times's* "Prime Minister's Plans for Mr. Selwyn Lloyd" gaffe. Every inky-fingered fag loves to hear of the prefect's downfall, especially when the prefect has done as much knuckle-rapping as Sir William Haley's "Thunderer." But the mystery of why the article was written and why it was published when it was (during the most critical stages of the Foreign Ministers' Conference) remains and in all probability will continue to remain. My guess, for what it is worth, is that . . . But, no, why should I take bread out of the mouth of Mr. Randolph Churchill?

Rest is Silence

WHEN cannibals raided a village in the Upper Purari area of Papua and ate the village policeman, Brigadier Cleland, who is the Administrator of Papua and New Guinea, said that it was the first case of cannibalism in the area reported for three years. And now who is there to report the next one?

Lovable Lions

WHATEVER happens in the way of results to the British Isles Rugby Union team in Australia and New Zealand, it seems certain already that the kind of football they play is going to be immensely popular. Reports of the early matches ring with praises about the speed and sparkle of their backs, the enthusiasm with which they throw the ball about, the side-stepping of Risman and Jackson, the electrifying burst by Young. Yet these are the same players who in international matches at home are said to play such dismal stuff, the same wings who never get the ball. It is all extremely mystifying. Can it be that when England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland play each other, racial pride or antagonism or whatever makes the game too tense and solemn, whereas "the British Isles" is so tenuous a conception that its representatives can just go ahead and enjoy themselves? If so, there is clearly some moral to be drawn. But what?

The model now standing

IN their campaign for improved uniforms the railway staffs will have eager support from the passenger; he has often longed for some way to make them smart.

The Music Goes Round and Round

I SEEM to have heard, very often, the same record played continuously for twenty-four hours forty-one minutes,



a feat which Bob Love, a Baton Rouge, Louisiana, disc jockey, has just achieved, but it must be an aural delusion; it has only sounded like that. Love, who barricaded himself in a studio at the radio station appropriately named WAIL, has not explained his motives, but I suspect that it may be a new plugging gimmick, a form of filibustering to keep all rival records off the air as a politician talks out his opponents. "Sea of Love" was the title of this opus that saw two tides in and out; the pilot that weathered the storm was saved from dismissal by a petition signed by one thousand listeners. They may well have had the same idea as the Duke of Illyria, "If music be the food of love, play on, give me excess of it," without sharing his volatile change of key five lines later, "Enough, no more."

Disappointment for Delegates

"PROFESSIONAL prostitutes were likened to the part of an iceberg above the water that could be seen and amateur prostitutes to the nine-tenths that could not be seen at the summer session of the London Diocesan Conference at Church House, Westminster, last night."—*Manchester Guardian*

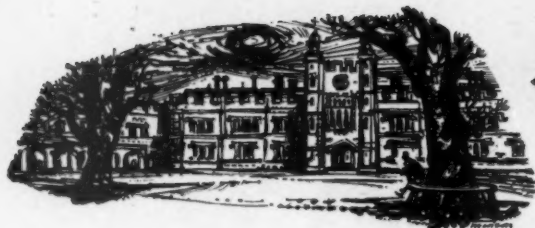
Messing About

A CORRESPONDENT with a scientific turn, or twist, chose to row his family about on the Thames at Richmond last week, and since then has been worrying about a hitherto unnoticed phenomenon. This is the tendency of petrol fumes to collect above the surface of the water. There were, of course, plenty of things to produce the fumes—outboard motors, speed-boats, launches, pleasure-boats, and motor-cars trying to find somewhere to park on the banks—but he estimated that even so there was only about half the amount of traffic that there is in Oxford Street at 4.30 p.m. and that the fume concentration was about the same. What worries him is that if he can't think of a respectably scientific explanation he may have to accept another solution—that the fumes weren't as thick as he thought, but that his subconscious wasn't keeping up with his own pride in the progress of science and was still naively expecting to find some connection between boating and fresh air.

— MR. PUNCH



Prologue Mayhew: "This man, with lanthorn, dog, and bush of thorn,
Presenteth moonshine . . ."



A series of articles in which notable schools in fiction are revisited and reconsidered



ONCE AGAIN ASSEMBLED HERE

4 Return of Young Woodley by RICHARD FINDLATER

LIFE at Mallowhurst seemed much as usual on the summer afternoon when Young Woodley's fate was decided. Most of the juniors were watching cricket in the nets. Most of the masters were watching cricket on their sets. Some prefects were locked in the gym, on the last day of the Schweitzer Club retreat. Others were deep in Mallow Woods, out of bounds with shopgirls. Mr. Simmons, the elderly master of Tree House, was patrolling the corridors in crêpe-soled shoes, and Mrs. Simmons—his shy and beautiful young wife—was sunbathing in the middle of the quad. The Head was immersed in correspondence: with the Home Secretary, protesting against the school's imminent encirclement by an open prison and an atomic small-arms centre, which, as he pointed out, would make a cross-country run *quite* impracticable; with his solicitor, about the latest case for assault brought by the father of a scholarship boy unacquainted with the Mallowhurst tradition; with the rest of the parents, about the Head's agonizing reappraisal of the cost—from next term onwards—of passing on that tradition to their children.

In the Prefects' Room at Tree House little Cope, the fag, was enjoying his duties in the customary manner. At the sound of voices coming down the corridor he jumped to his feet and covered his tracks. He put back the L.P. of *West Side Story* in its sleeve, hung the guitar on the wall again, and wedged the new Ian Fleming between the cereal-packet and the book labelled

Advanced Physics. When the door burst open, Cope was carefully dusting the tinted photographs of Brigitte Bardot and Billy Graham above the fireplace. The first to return was Ainger, captain of the house, exhausted after his devotions in the gym.

"Jump to it," he said wearily, flinging his hairshirt into a corner.

Quickly Cope began to put out the champagne-type bottles and Danish Blue for what the prefects liked to call their après-ski. Next to arrive was Woodley, in jeans and sweater, with his trumpet under his arm, fresh from a secret session of the Mallowhurst Metronomes in the boiler-house.

"I'm on duty in half an hour, Cope," said Woodley, quickly preparing to change into uniform blazer and pin-stripes. "Move."

"Yes, Woodley," said the fag obediently. "I shan't be able to clear up afterwards, I'm afraid."

"Why on earth not?" asked Ainger gruffly, startled out of his religious calm.

"Matron's giving the sixth lantern-lecture in her 'Whither Wolfenden?' series," Cope explained, heading for the door. "I think it might be the one I'm waiting for."

"That child's a menace," groaned Woodley, as the door closed behind him. "I'm fed to the teeth with his emotional problems. Matron says that if he goes on talking about them much longer she's going to ask the Head if Cope can borrow his psychiatrist. He's never been the same since he saw *Tea and Sympathy*."

Ainger coughed pointedly, and looked hard at the school's star trumpeter. "He isn't the only one. Yes, I *do* mean Laura Simmons," he said quickly, before Woodley could interrupt. "It's quite absurd the way that woman follows you around. Why don't you put a stop to it?"

Woodley kicked moodily at Ainger's prie-dieu. "Why can't she grow up?" he said sulkily. "I've never given her the slightest encouragement."

He looked out of the window, then backed hastily away at the sight of Mrs. Simmons—still in the quad—focusing on the Prefects' Room with a pair of binoculars.

"I've asked Matron to give her some good advice," Woodley went on, despairingly. "Lend her the right books. You know. I've even written her an anonymous letter warning her about myself. But that seemed to make it worse. It's beginning to affect my work."

Ainger, who knew that by "work" Woodley meant his trumpet-playing, grunted disapprovingly. Son of a Labour leader who clung to his disbelief in religion now that all political faith had gone, the house-captain had discarded his father's dated rationalism but retained the moral fervour which still ensured a place for Ainger père on the National Executive.

"What makes me mad," Woodley went on, "is that this embarrassing business would never have blown up at all if Dad hadn't ruined my chances by making me stay on at Mallowhurst."

Ainger sniffed. He had heard about Woodley's "chances" before, and he was unimpressed on principle. At a village concert a recording company's talent-scout had recently heard Woodley playing, and had offered him a Fabulous Contract and a programme of personal promotion.

"We'll call you Young Woodley. Just like that," the managing director had said cajolingly. "It's a new gimmick." But Old Woodley—the millionaire boss of an agency specializing in TV advertising "jingles"—had other plans for his son.

"I had another letter from Dad to-day," Woodley told Ainger. "He says I can't possibly get on in the jingles business without going to Oxford. There's a very good Professor of Poetry there, he says. So that means I'm here for another year—with Laura Simmons after me. What am I going to do?"

"Do you *really* want to leave?" The new voice belonged to Vining, distrustful by his fellow-prefects as something of an outsider because his father

was both poor and a peer. "Would you do *anything* to get away?" persisted Vining, with the tactless confidence of the heir to an earldom.

"*Anything*," answered Woodley urgently. "Short of doing a bunk."

"Then there's no problem at all," Vining declared. "Get yourself caught in a compromising situation with Laura Simmons. Do it now. She's just gone back to her flat," he added, as Woodley moved cautiously towards the window.

There was a shocked silence in the Prefects' Room. But Vining went suavely on. "Arrange for the Head to see you together. He'll have to expel you. And your old man will have to let you play the trumpet."

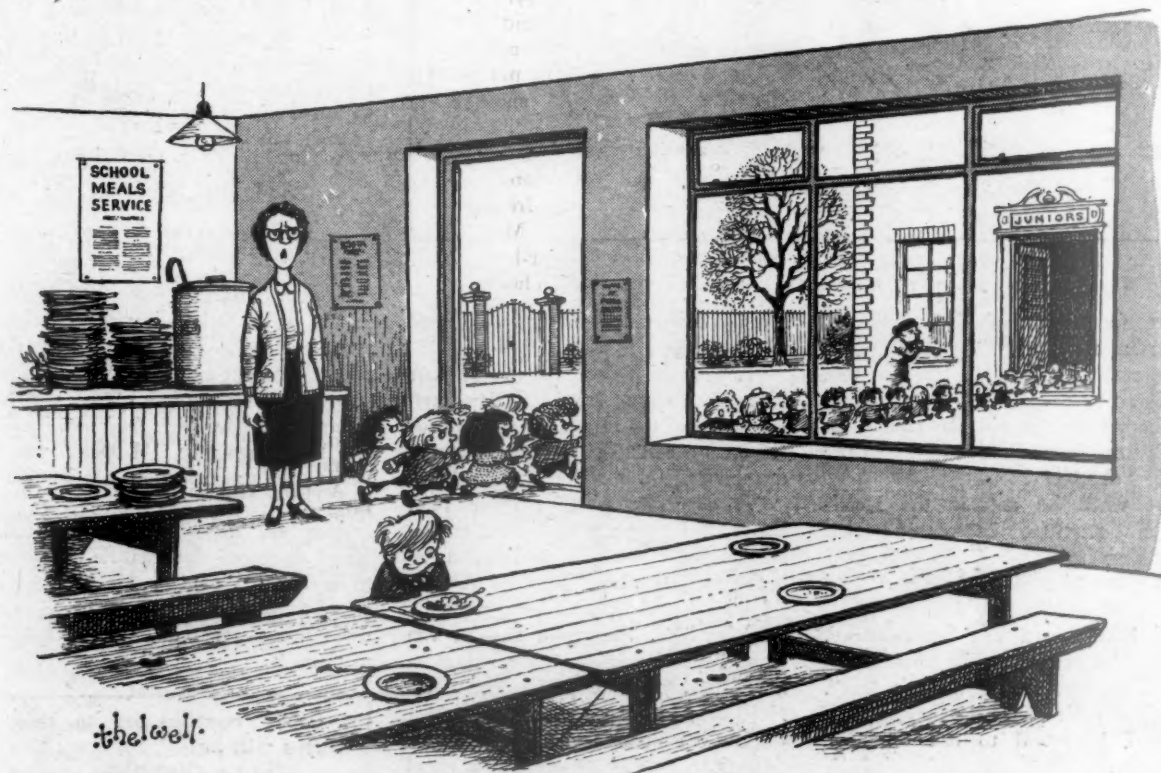
Woodley boggled. "But Mrs. Simmons is the last person on earth..." he began, and Ainger chipped in sternly with a reprimand. "Just because your people have got a pedigree, Vining," he said, "there's no reason why you should start flaunting your out-of-date ideas in *this* school."

Vining refused to be offended. "Don't you see," he said gently. "It's the only way to bring the poor woman to her senses. You need only be there a moment before the Head arrives. And as soon as you've left the school, Woodley, you can explain to her what a cad you've been. Or perhaps that would come better from me."

Woodley looked at him sharply. There was room for doubt, he thought, about Vining's altruism in this affair. But he was convinced that he had found an escape-hatch. Against Ainger's protests, he and Vining synchronized their watches and set off.

Half an hour later, in her drawing-room, Mrs. Simmons found herself—to her astonishment—in the stiff and distant embrace of Woodley. A minute after that, the Head found them together, and all went as planned. The Head said "Go to your room, boy"; Laura said "Let me explain"; and Woodley vanished, with a song in his heart.

Packing gaily he visualised a carefree



"You'll eat it if you have to sit there all day."

CHESTNUT GROVE

Frank Reynolds was in Punch from 1906 to 1948



Celebrity (to son home for the holidays). "AND WHAT ARE THESE, MY BOY—PRIZES?"
Son. "NO, FATHER, AUTOGRAPH ALBUMS."

August 2, 1922

future, free at last of Mrs. Simmons, Oxford and even the TV jingles. When Cope came, later on, to tell him that the Head was waiting in his study, he felt happy enough—in the knowledge of his innocence—to look guilty of the blackest charge.

But when he entered the Headmaster's sanctum he realized that something had gone wrong. For the Head's face glowed with pleasure, and he beamed on Woodley with pride.

"I have heard the whole story, Roger," he began. "The whole story. And I see now that I was too hasty. Things weren't quite what they seemed, when I happened to call on Mrs. Simmons."

Horrorstruck, Woodley began to protest that things were *exactly* what they seemed to be. But before the

Head's determined tolerance, he had no chance of a hearing.

"A little bird has told me of your plot to escape from Mallowhurst, Roger," said the Head. Roger gasped: Cope, he realized, had been eavesdropping again.

"A desperate plot, a *crude* plot, Roger, if I may say so," went on the Head sadly. "But quite understandable in the circumstances," he added quickly. "I have heard of your—er—provocation by Mrs. Simmons, and of the frustration of your great opportunity—a really *dazzling* opportunity." The Head licked his lips.

"But it isn't too late," he continued. "Oh dear, no. I'm not going to expel you, of course," he said with a hearty chuckle. "But I think everything can be very satisfactorily arranged, Roger."

"There's no reason at all why you shouldn't accept a contract from that recording company—and stay on at Mallowhurst. We could make time for your—er—sessions and personal appearances. I've rung the company and they're perfectly delighted at the idea. I've given them full permission to use Mallowhurst in any way that might help you—and the school, of course. And I don't see why you shouldn't continue your musical career at Oxford," smiled the Head. "I know several colleges which would *welcome* you."

Woodley found the presence of mind to ask a question. "What about my father?" he asked thickly.

"I've had a word on the telephone with Mr. Woodley, too," explained the Head soothingly, "and he has no objections to the plan, now that he sees what it will mean to Mallowhurst—and the university."

Woodley put out his hand. "I don't know how to thank you, sir," he began.

The Headmaster cleared his throat. "Of course it isn't *quite* settled. But I think I could arrange everything if I were to act as your—what do they call it—your agent, my boy. And you could make a small contribution to the School Chest. Perhaps ten per cent. It would be *very* timely."

Woodley stared at him, and thought fast. "And Mrs. Simmons, sir?" he asked.

Confidingly, the Headmaster leaned forward. "Mrs. Simmons has been one of our crosses for some time, Roger. I have had a little talk with Mr. Simmons and advised him that he should, after all, accept a post in the North he was offered last month. They will be leaving next Monday. And now," said the Head benignly, "I think you'd better start practising on that trumpet, Roger..."

After all, Roger thought, he could afford an agent—now that he was going to be *Young* Woodley. He could even afford to pay a percentage to Cope, who was waiting—just outside the keyhole—to claim it.

Other contributors to this series will be:

STELLA GIBBONS
GWYN THOMAS
B. A. YOUNG

Golf Gallerymen Misjudged

I HAVE been a good and painstaking crowdsman at many golf championships and tournaments in the past; but it is only now that I have resumed my shooting stick and striped umbrella for the season proper that I realize how much maligned and misjudged I and my colleagues have been by the sensational press and writers on the game. But never by that gallant gentleman and sportsman, the player himself.

The top-class professional does not abhor companionable, even adoring, jostling round him as he addresses the ball; he knows as well as any film star that when the jostling stops he is on the slippery slopes. "As long as they leave me my pants," said a famous American master in this connection . . . But did the statement gain any publicity?

What he does mind, though, is his own human proneness to fallibility—the shaking knee, the suddenly uncocked wrist, the unpredictability of his digestion—everything, in fact, that will interrupt his rhythm and glaze his eye. But the galleryman is blamed if a club is thrown wildly away after a mishit. It is not—or hardly ever—appreciated by the often uneducated writers on the game that because a spectator (who at the moment had been quite reasonably lighting a cigarette from a lighter with a stiff sparking wheel) happens to be hit by the club, the player, nerve-torn, is not indirectly blaming him. No. If the press took the trouble to inquire it would find that the cause of the topped drive was that his hips had let the driver down at the point of impact.

Thomson has never objected to galleryites wearing glasses who turn their heads suddenly into the sun at, say, the tenth; the flash of such lenses was not the cause of the slice; it was Thomson's own delayed reaction to too many slices of cold salmon at lunch. But the press tirade next morning does not spare the poor short-sighted supporter.

A lot of adverse publicity was given to an innocent galleryman on the well-known occasion during the first round of a recent Masters' Tournament. He had managed to push in as far as the

By
FERGUSON MACLAY

eighth row from the front of the ring round the green. While waiting to hear the cheer that would indicate, say, that a five-yarder had been sunk, he began casually to clean out the bowl of his old pipe with a blade of his penknife. It so happened that one of the players chose that moment to lie flat on his back on the green and moan. What were the headlines on the back pages next morning?

"WEETMAN [or Cotton, or anyone else] MISSES VITAL PUTT Spectator's Bad Manners at Critical Hole"

No mention, you see, of cramp or spots before the eyes, or possibly simple exhaustion in the putter. The faithful follower was blamed.

I have myself seen a former Open champion—it was, I am nearly sure, during the round that made him "former"—laugh heartily at a woman in scarlet jeans with a pram crossing the fairway four holes ahead; trying, reasonably enough, to get to the beach (*cf.*

Troon any given championship year). The fact that his drive had gone into the sea had nothing to do with this woman. It was due almost entirely to the unexpected plop of a diving gannet far out to sea. But the incident started a campaign in the newspapers against crowds wearing bright colours during play, although the woman in question was not even technically a spectator.

Any world golfer, addressing his ball on the tee of the Railway Hole, St. Andrews, takes it as a personal insult if any given engine driver does not let off steam when his engine is passing. Here the engine driver is classified as a natural spectator, however temporary. Indeed when the whistle shrills (*cf.*, for instance, G. Duncan/W. Hagen—Open—1924) a household name has been known to stop playing altogether, walk over to the railway line, waving his brassy (or whatever club comes first to hand) and shout a greeting to the engine driver . . . Because this interchange had immediately succeeded a bad case of pulling by Duncan/Hagen, there was a lot of editorial agitation to have the track taken up and relaid two miles back from the fairway. There was no mention, anyhow, of the player's head having been lifted too quickly . . .



"Fire, sweetheart."

Fickle Fête

By DAVID YATES MASON

DURHAM

DEAR GODFATHER,—Your invitation to spend the summer vac. with you is most welcome and, subject to one small proviso, I shall be delighted to accept. True, I have already half-agreed to join a field study investigation—mutations in personality reactions to biological stimuli at sub-normal temperatures—with a mixed group going to Spitzbergen, and there is also another party of us bound for Moscow then on to the Crimea for a fortnight in a hydro at Sochi, but I feel that post-Burgess Russia is now definitely old hat. These trips will yield well in television appearances, newspaper articles and even university theses, but I know a stay at the Rectory will be more sociologically rewarding,

as you mention that it will cover your Annual Parish Fête. The proviso to which I have already alluded is that you will turn the organization and planning of the whole thing over to me.

I have recently devoted a good deal of study to the failure of contemporary group response to the traditional garden fête, even when offered as an *Olde Englyshe Fayre* or Mart, and have come to the conclusion that this failure can be attributed to lack of adjustment to changes in rural work-recreation patterns. The subsidized and highly mechanized agricultural community of mid-century Britain has turned its back on its harsh, *laissez-faire* past and, with milking-machines, combine harvesters and hen batteries whirring profitably

outside, has retired indoors to the seventeen-inch screen and the studio couch. Thus, with the pain-pleasure ratio so drastically changed, one must, I suggest, accept a new approach to organized parish entertainment and banish from the fête all companionable group enjoyment for the painless extraction of money as in the past. Challenge by stimulation, painful if necessary, must be the keynote.

The fête will be held, wet or fine, but preferably wet, on the rectory lawn and the more exposed part of the adjoining paddock, which must be enclosed with ten-foot barbed wire, or electric fencing charged to a near-lethal voltage. Ingress and egress will be at one point only where all arrivals will be searched by



"I always understood they just shuffled around being mistaken for one of the gardeners."

uniformed fête guards and their money and valuables confiscated. A proportion of these will be returned at the end of proceedings, participation in each fête activity qualifying the subject to a rebate.

On passing through the check point into the enclosure visitors will be directed into the First Aid Tent where they will be handed over to teams of local Scouts and Girl Guides for demonstrations of tourniquets and joint manipulations and—after their clothes have been sprayed with petrol and ignited—of fire-fighting and rescue techniques. Those completing this part of the entertainment will, no doubt, form an interested audience for those who follow.

After this visitors will be allowed to roam at will among the stalls of rejected local handicrafts, oversize white elephants and condemned dairy produce, each "purchase" being credited to their final rebate settlement, as will be participation in sideshows such as the bran-and-treacle tub, the raffle for a coffin, and the misfortune-telling booth where Gipsy Norah will prognosticate only such things as outbreaks of fowl pest, compulsory land purchases and marketing board investigations. There will also be bowling for an infected pig and a contest to find the fiercest and most destructive baby.

From what I remember of the refreshments on the last occasion I attended one of your fêtes there should be no call to alter them very materially, and the tepidity of the urn-made tea, the warmth of the ice creams and the acidity of the squashes should be as before. Bridge rolls, scones, rock- and fairy-cakes should all be of a standard age and texture to offer a test for Health Service dentures, and there should be no attempt to keep the wasps out of the Devonshire splits.

Many other stimulating items will, no doubt, suggest themselves before the actual day—human hoop-la, perhaps, with parish ladies attempting to "ring" local eligibles—and all will undoubtedly provide a most instructive study in human relationship-reactions and stress phenomena.

However, as climax, I have in mind something of a novelty which, though it will entail a good deal of preparation and local research, should be well worth the trouble. The grounds will be cleared

and everyone will be marshalled into a marquee and seated in front of a rostrum on to which, at a given signal, the guards will forcibly conduct a selected spectator and handcuff him to an uncushioned parish-hall chair. You will then appear in cassock, surplice and hood and proceed to read him a very frank and detailed biography of himself in the "This is Your Life" manner, confronting him at intervals with people associated with his lesser-known past. In a small and closely-knit village community it should not be difficult to arrange some really piquant and colourful meetings—men with forgotten mistresses, wives with present and past admirers, and, as a finale, children with their real fathers. After this the fête will disperse, but not before the puncture and petrol-watering team have been at work in the car park.

The object to which the proceeds,

which should be considerable, are to be devoted should, like other arrangements, be kept a secret until the last minute. I suggest it should be to provide you and other members of the rectory household, in which I shall be included, with a fortnight's no-expenses-spared holiday in the South of France. I am sure you will agree that nothing could be more worthy or necessary.

Your sincere and devoted Godson.

☆

"How strange then that Elizabeth Taylor and her latest husband, Eddie Fisher, should be accorded a police cordon of three constables, one police sergeant, and a radio van on their arrival in Surrey . . . 'They are paying for protection,' say the Surrey police . . . Protection against whom, pray? . . ."—*Daily Express*

Come on, now, have a guess.



"Shouldn't go much on the advice of a £1,000-a-year-man, maximum."

Gardening? No Trouble at All

MY experience of gardening has taught me that no matter what the experts may tell you, there is always a simpler way. Late in 1941 I was living with a battalion of Burma Rifles in brand-new huts a few miles from Moulmein. The officers' mess, which stood aloofly at one corner of the camp, was a wood-and-bamboo structure on short legs perched on a barren gravelly mound above a twenty-foot chasm at the bottom of which there flowed a pleasant stream. At a mess meeting it was agreed unanimously that I should be appointed Gardening Officer and see to it.

If there is one thing I know less about than making flowers grow in Burmese gravel I should be surprised to hear of it. However, I reckoned that whatever the expert's way might be, there must be a simpler one. There was.

The day after the meeting the Commanding Officer went away on a week's leave, and when he returned he found the mess surrounded by fresh green turf and trim beds filled with red and yellow cannas. Lattice screens supported morning glory on the

By P. R. BOYLE

veranda and a neat flight of steps led down between moonflowers and poinsettia to a swimming-pool that had been made by damming the stream.

All this had been done by the simple method of explaining what I wanted to a local resident and telling him to get on with it. The well-cropped turf had come from the jungle in a train of bullock-carts and had been laid under my eye by an army of coolies. Where the flowers came from I was not sure. They were transplanted by night, doubtless to protect them from the heat of the sun.

Everyone was delighted except, disappointingly, the Colonel. How much had it cost, he wanted to know, and had it been paid for? Seven hundred rupees, I told him, and yes it had.

He was explosive, almost abusive. The line he took was that the appointment of Gardening Officer carried with it no authority to spend that much of mess money without reference to him or anyone else. In vain I pointed out

that this was the only way to get anything like a garden before we should have to leave the place, and that in any case all the other officers had watched the proceeding with approval and applause and thought it cheap at the price. That, it appeared, was not the point. So far from the point was it in fact that he ordered me to pay the whole bill myself: an unlawful command but one of a kind that calls for delicate handling when it comes from one's C.O. So I handled it delicately.

Next day, when the Colonel came to breakfast he found the bullock cart convoy there again and the coolies taking up the turf and loading it back into the carts. What was going on? he wanted to know.

"They're taking away the garden, sir," I explained.

"Taking it away! Where to?"

"To my quarters, sir," I told him. "I'm having it put down there instead."

He seemed, irrationally enough, almost as angry as before, if not angrier. Listening to him we gained the impression that he had taken a fancy to the garden while he slept and that even the knowledge that as a lieutenant-colonel he would have to bear the biggest share of the cost weighed with him less than it had the day before. He gave me another order. The garden was to stay where it was.

I intimated to him with all the tact in the world that if he thought he could compel me to make the mess a present of fifty-two-pounds-ten he must be a very dotty Commanding Officer indeed. If I paid for the garden it was mine and I was entitled to take it away, though prepared to consider any reasonable offer.

So there it stayed, and I don't suppose the Japanese Army, who took it over a few months later, bothered even to mow the lawn.

☆

March of Progress

"The Trumpf Shearing and nibbling machines, which can be used for peening, swaging, joggling, louvre-cutting, flanging and slotting, have now been designed for use as copy nibblers."

Industrial Equipment Digest



"Try loosening his camera straps."



"But that's how jazz in the 'twenties was intended to sound."

The Deciding Point

By PATRICK RYAN

Thelma Hopkins, the Yorkshire-born high-jump star, has quit her dentistry course at Queen's University, Belfast.

The 1956 world record holder said yesterday: "I was away sick a lot and that makes catching up rather difficult."

"Somehow making false teeth was the deciding point for me."

Now she is a receptionist.

Sunday Express

ME too. I know just how it happened. False teeth were the deciding point for me as well. Five years I spent as a dental student and but for those counterfeit

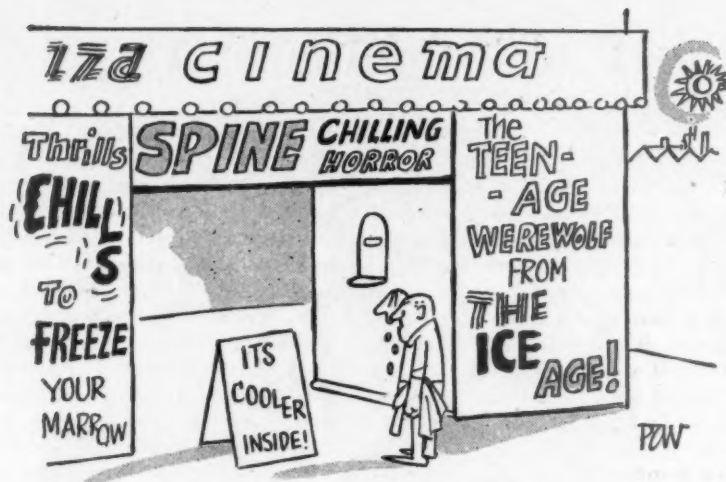
ivories I'd be up in Wimpole Street now filling millionaires' molars with platinum instead of down here at Tooley Street humping sugar-bags.

Fine and easy, I was, lugging canines out of plastic skulls, drilling keyholes in model jawbones, drawing plans of ivory castles and taking wax impressions of old ladies' gums. Confront me with a live mouthful of choppers in any conceivable condition and I'd be in there like a ferret, digging and delving and wrenching about to the heart's content of any examiner. You've got the wrist, boyo, they used to say, you've got the

eye for it and you're most agreeably callous—if only you could face up to making false teeth we'd qualify you to-morrow.

But I never could. Anyone puts a naked set of false teeth in front of me and I'm a goner. Paralysed, hypnotized, I stare numbly at them, knowing that if I take my eyes off them for a second they'll be up there snapped like a mouse-trap on the end of my nose.

It's all traumatic, of course, traceable to the years from six to eight when I slept in a bedroom off the Old Kent Road with my father's false teeth in a



jam-jar of water a foot away from my head. The street lamp outside would send a narrow beam into the room all night and the only thing it lit up in all that darkness was the jar of teeth. The house was ripe for falling down and when the trams went by outside the whole place would tremble, my bed would shake and the teeth would float and dance up and down in the water, gnashing gently and eyeing me hungrily. Twice I caught them trying to creep over the rim of the jar in my direction, and so I started taking a cricket-bat to bed with me. Whenever I detected any hostile movement from them I'd sit up and raise the cricket-bat above my head.

"All right," I'd say, talking loudly to hide my fears. "Come on out then. I'm not afraid of you. You come near me and I'll belt you to kingdom come."

I was thus on the offensive one night when my father woke up and got the impression I was coming after him.

When I graduated to a room of my own I didn't see any naked false teeth for years and years. So the trauma lay dormant until that day during my third year as a dental student when the professor came out and said that what we're going on with now is False Teeth.

An assistant came round and dished out a set to each of us, planking them down on the long enamel tray which ran along in front of each row of students. The teeth were hinged at the back so that they would open or close as the demonstration required.

Mine lay there clenched and prim, all pink and white and sly, watching me just like the Old Kent Road lot. Well, well, buster, they glimmered at me,

fancy seeing you again. We'll have the lugs off you yet.

The professor commanded we open them out. The students in my row leaned forward on the tray as one man and flapped open their models. As they did so, my set came to life, jumped up and down in blood-lust and scuttered forward at me a clear inch. I leapt back in my chair and clapped my hands over my ears. Murtagh, the kind student on my left, thinking I hadn't heard the instruction, leaned across and flipped the jaws open before they could get any farther.

If anything, they looked worse that way—the top set like a crab carrying a cemetery, the bottom half like an iced armadillo, a voodoo horseshoe, the giant Amazonian tooth-backed caterpillar. And, remember, false teeth aren't turtles. They're not helpless when spread-eagled on their backs. Not my lot anyway. They lay there malevolent as a guillotine, a man-trap strained open, all bursting to lop the limb of the unwary.

The professor talked away but, crouched back in my chair, I heard nothing sensible until he ordered us to close our sets and examine the bite. This idea panicked me . . . "Like bloody smoke, I do," I said aloud. "I don't want to be called three-fingered Jack." The professor thought I was horsing about and came down to me.

"Go on," he said sarcastically. "Close them. They won't hurt you."

Everybody in the row leaned forward to look at me and those wicked ivories came scuttering slowly across the enamel, their millions of tiny hidden

feet clattering away underneath the carapace. I was in the middle of a row and I couldn't get away . . . there was no escape now . . . they'd got me in a corner . . . in desperation I turned and attacked . . . dived forward and grabbed them just as they were taking off for my right ear . . . they struggled in my hands like a crazy oyster, but my blood was up and I forced the two halves back together . . . clicking, snapping, they turned on me at the last moment and clamped tight on my left thumb!

"Help!" I yelled. "They've got me. They're eating my thumb."

"Hold still, man," said Murtagh. "You've got the hinge jammed."

That's all he knew. There was a red trickle on my thumb. They'd tasted blood now and God only knew what they'd leave of me. I bashed the teeth up and down on the edge of the tray and they eventually let go and dropped to the floor, breathing heavily, clicking menaces, obviously thinking out the next move. Suddenly they switched the attack to my toes and I leapt up on my chair like a mouse-chased woman. My trauma was in command now and I looked around for the cricket-bat; there wasn't one handy but I grabbed an umbrella from the girl on my right. High up on the chair I stood, my infantile memories in full control, brandishing the broly and talking defiance at the teeth crouching below.

"All right then," I said. "You come for me, that's all. You'll get more than you bargain for, I can tell you. You just come near me and I'll belt you to kingdom come."

The whole place went up in pandemonium and wild delight. The professor took fright and telephoned for the proctors. It took Murtagh and the two bulldogs five full minutes to get me out of the room. They said I had D.T.s and booked me for being drunk again at lectures. The professor barred me from further attendance and so I learnt nothing about artificial molars.

I tried his class again the following year, but it was no good. I was dead scared of those coral Dead Sea creatures, emotionally prohibited from touching their skull-less, Martian grins. And so I gave the whole thing up and went out into the world. And there's no doubt whatever about it . . . making false teeth was, somehow, the deciding point for me too.

Pillory: A.P.H. Adds a Postscript

MRS. PATRICIA PETTIT writes from Stoke Bishop, Bristol:

"Is the housewife always to be at the mercy of unscrupulous touts in search of statistics? Politeness alone stops me from slamming the door when the interrogation begins. I am tired of being asked my husband's profession and, even worse impertinence, our income, and tired of giving my considered opinion on numerous questions only to find myself trapped by an advertising stunt. This morning I was presented with an ordinary sketch of the back view of a woman crossing the road and asked her age, whether she was married or single, if she had children or not and whether she was a housewife or professional woman. Why should I waste my time, particularly on a Monday morning, playing such idiotic parlour games as this?"

Hear, hear! We have never suffered in this manner ourselves, and, if we did, we do not think that we should suffer long. A good way to repel the tiresome questioner, Mrs. Pettit, is to start asking questions yourself. You may not have time for many on a Monday morning, but you might make a beginning thus: "Good morning, sir. Are you a Mason? Do you believe in Euthanasia? Why don't you shave?" (Or "Why don't you grow a beard?") "And, by the way, are you acquainted with the law about importuning and pestering?" (We don't know that there is any such law: but

no more will he.) Don't try this in the witness-box, though, or the judge will jump on you from a great height.

Another very good way, Mrs. P., especially on a Monday morning, is to ask the man in and give him a few odd jobs. "Oh! A MAN! How splendid! The sink is stopped up, the dustman's coming, *nothing's* ready, and I've got lumbago. *Would* you mind...? First, perhaps, if you would fill a scuttle of coal? And there's a heavy suitcase to go up to the top floor. Yes, do come in."

"We Limeys"

Pillory gives a warm welcome to an American citizen, Mr. S. A. Rudin, of 102 Greenhill Pass, San Antonio 1, Texas, U.S.A.:

"What with Monty back in the saddle and Mr. Macmillan zooming all over the world and apparently taking over for the perpetually golfing Mr. Eisenhower, many thoughtful Americans are asking themselves what the devil is going on here, and how you limeys have once again managed to land on your feet (and ours) after losing your Empire and all that jazz. I personally think it is due to a secret weapon you have, and I think it is high time you shared it."

Mr. Rudin, there are many modest Britons who are no less surprised than you. This tiny "United Kingdom," hard to discover on a map of the world,

logically having no clear claim to prosper, or even to exist at all, condemned and censured only three years ago by a for-once united World, stripped of all her finest possessions and urged every day to "get out" of what remains—how can such a small-part nation strut and speak so confidently when such stars as mighty America and monstrous Russia, and many other jealous performers, are on the stage as well? How, above all, can anyone talk of this seedy old pro playing a leading part?

Well, some of us are content to murmur the words of verse 6, chapter XI, of the Book of the Prophet Isaiah:

"The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them."

We, say some, may be the "little child." Others, more robust and faithful, say that they are not at all surprised. We have been in this business, say these, the handling of men and nations, for many centuries, and "the memory lingers on"—or, as you may prefer to put it, the "know-how" (odious expression) remains. "Secret weapon?" say these, with a snort. "Not at all. It's the most public thing in history—WE'RE GOOD."

Man in Apron

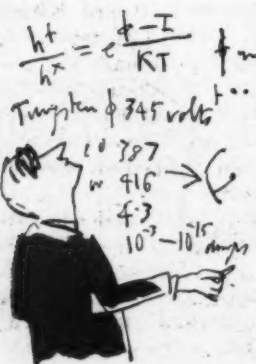
by *Larry*





Report from Oxford

By H. F. ELLIS



"I POSTULATE the continuity," wrote T. E. Brown—not actually about Oxford, though he could have done so without risk. The thing goes on. Down on the Isis, in the pitiless rain, numerous crews row to and fro; some of them so badly (these must surely be college IVth or Vth Eights?) that a coach's sudden cry of "Well rowed, Four," suggests superhuman powers of discrimination. There is a distant glimpse of cricketers on some unidentified college ground going doggedly on through the downpour, as cricketers will unless someone has paid to see them play. A figure in a disreputable sweat-suit of an almost Turkish amplitude hurries purposefully across Christ Church Meadows. In the High the inevitable calculated eccentric bicycles past in green corduroys, his tawny hair of that becoming apostolic length that has revealed the forward-looking mind any time these past fifty years.

Otherwise, as ever, the University appears not to be in residence. The college quadrangles and gardens are given up to straggling visitors, seeking perhaps—who knows?—material for

other "Reports from Oxford." In an Engineering laboratory a monstrous coiled spring suspended from the ceiling oscillates timelessly, tirelessly—and alone. Not less free of undergraduates at 11.30 in the morning is a Physics laboratory, full though it is of much curious writhing glass that anyone would be glad to experiment with. Neither the Bear Lane Gallery nor Blackwell's bookshop were exactly thronged. An Espresso café, known to be regularly crowded by those typical types of both sexes for whom the reporter seeks, rings hollowly as the visitors from London set their coffee cups down in despair.

*Know you her secret none can utter?
Hers of the Book, the tripled Crown?
Still on the spire the pigeons flutter;
The others have all gone down.*

The first three lines are by Quiller-Couch. The last is not, and is untrue. They are all hidden away somewhere, nervously waiting to be interviewed: in their rooms and hostels, in lecture rooms and laboratories not yet visited, in crowded college halls and J.C.R.s, in cafés that have become fashionable overnight, at meetings, perhaps, of some

of the hundred-and-forty-one University Societies—excluding sports clubs—listed in “Oxford Vade Mecum.” There are seven thousand five hundred undergraduates, men and women in this deserted village. They must be sought out and brought to book. The only way to find out what modern Oxford is doing and thinking, what are its likes and dislikes, its enthusiasms, its hopes and fears, is to meet it face to face to face and ask it. Seek them out then. Bring them from their lectures. Break up the dinner of the Choolant Society, founded “to promote the eating of Choolant, sometimes referred to as the Food of the Gods.” Wrench them away from the Magnates Club, the Railway Society (“Tolerant towards all views”), the Islamic Union, and question them as frankly and fearlessly as though we were all on TV together.

Only not perhaps all at once. Not

error, to consist of three men and four girls) were not of a kind likely, or even intended, to produce answers of much direct value. Nor did they. But they led to a pleasant evening in such centres of culture as the Welsh Pony, the Bear, and the Turf Tavern, in the course of which certain general impressions about present-day undergraduates emerged.

They neither strike attitudes nor pose, whether as deeply-read intellectuals or dashing rakchells. They neither boast nor apologize, either on their own behalf or their friends'; and this can be a little unnerving to the middle-aged, who cannot easily shake off at a moment's notice a lifetime's habit of doing both. They do not even exude that “salt of the earth” atmosphere which was so marked a feature of Oxford in the days when there was no particular merit in getting there.

They drink for enjoyment rather than



To what extent, in this now thoroughly “mixed” University, social life is complicated by entanglements, jealousies and other sex phenomena we did not try to determine. Perhaps they conduct their affairs with the same level-headed common sense they apply to their drinking. One rather hopes not. In any case, the general impression remains—and must, with whatever reluctance, be stated—that Oxford seems to be an even more enjoyable place than it was in “our day.”

They have a certain seriousness, which shows itself in an interest in religion, in sociology, in international affairs, rather than in party politics. There are some seventeen religious societies and unions in the University, but it is the interdenominational ones that attract. The Inter-collegiate Christian Union and the S.C.M. have over a thousand members between them—active members who turn up in their hundreds to Saturday evening Bible Readings and meetings known as “Missionary Breakfasts.” Twelve hundred or so undergraduates belong to COSMOS, a United Nations organization; JACARI (against racial intolerance) is strongly supported; so is Crime: a Challenge (better known as “The Crime Club”), which inquires into the causes and treatment of crime. All this is, perhaps, something of a portent.

Of course it would have been easy, no doubt, to assemble seven other undergraduates who would have given a diametrically opposed impression of modern Oxford. But not so easy as it would have been before the war.



all seven thousand five hundred. Let us rather take a thoroughly representative cross-section, say one in a thousand, say five absolutely typical men, all utterly different, and about two and a half women ditto. Then all you have to do is to multiply the results by a thousand and the picture is complete.

We did that.

The questions put to this cross-section (which turned out, through some

to impress, not scorning tomato-juice when it seems wiser. This startlingly mature attitude even extends to the drinking of a thing called lager-and-lime which has virtues imperceptible to older palates.

They have a keen sense of the value of money, having mostly earned some themselves, but manage, despite a widespread financial stringency, to arrange a surprising number of parties.

Horticultural

MY passion for flowering plants springs, I think, from a thwarted childhood when only my father was allowed to grow things and then only of the strictly edible kind. If we wanted a daffodil we had to buy it, and a clutch of sickly bluebells filched from some thorn-infested wood was nurtured in a jam-jar far beyond its normal expectations of life.

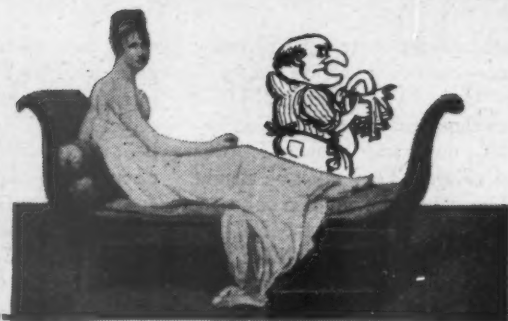
Weaned from home and with my own four walls around me, I took to pot-plants like a dog to bones. Bulbs and ivies sprang up under my earnest ministrations, and though the daffodils grew to three feet high and I had to stand on a chair to smell them, and the leaves fell off the ivies through constant over-watering, my obsession grew and multiplied until I could hardly bear to pass a shop with a plant in the window, and even the gardens of my friends were not sacrosanct.

Last autumn I went all out. I bought a pot of pink-striped leaves, a sprouting philo-something and a rubber plant for five shillings in a sale to tide me over the flowerless period, and then spent wildly on bulbs. I chose hyacinths and narcissus because they smelled good, and a lot of small blue and yellow things for the hell of it, though the man told me they would never come up in London, let alone indoors.

In return for the promise of a prize bloom or two in due season I won a disused cupboard on the passage from my landlady and converted it into a potting shed; trowel, fork (kitchen), sticks and strings on the bottom shelf; pots, bowls, fruit dishes and pudding-basins on the top. They had darkness in plenty, though the only fresh air they drew was through the cracks and the keyhole; but I tried to remember to open and shut the door every time I passed it, to let in a blast or two to keep them going.

As fast as they showed their heads above ground I brought them into my room, and gradually they filled the shelves, the mantelpiece and the tables. I was forced to get out of bed half an hour earlier each morning to water them, and took my meals off my lap since there was no room anywhere else. I had considerable qualms, too, about my

FOR
WOMEN



nights as, since we all slept together, I had visions of the oxygen giving out and my passing into a coma, surrounded by my own pre-funereal, personally-produced floral tributes.

The prospect must have gnawed at my sub-conscious, for the solution woke me up with a jolt one morning at twenty past three. It was so obvious it might have occurred to anyone but a complete moron. My room looked out on to the street and my three windows had three perfectly good ledges. Before chill and stupor drove me back to bed I had freed the mantelpiece and a whole table.

In the morning I rose earlier than ever and popped out in the half-light to inspect the new arrangement, which was most gratifying. But the broadening of my horizon had done more than the mere removal of limitations. I now craved neat window-boxes crammed with blossoming something or other, where fat bees could tumble unmolested from sepal to calix. Soon I was spending my lunch money on clumps of red and pink daisy things, which filled me with so much joy that when I was not dousing them with dried blood I was sitting at my window watching them grow. Of course I had all the pots and bowls in my room again, and I was back with my meals on my lap; but these were only minor thorns and I was as happy as a tulip with two heads.

The trouble is that success fosters success. I now had my eye on the bit

of so-called garden in front of the house. Before I begged it away from my landlady it was a four by four patchwork of old concrete slabs dimmed by a perpetual surface of mud and dust. She gave it up easily, being strictly the non-gardening type, and I laboured at nights like an old lag in a chain gang, prizing up enough chunks of stone to bare a border of rough earth, with an island of concrete in the middle.

The only snag was the tree. It grew straight up by the wall dividing us from the next house, its branches spreading over my bit of ground like an umbrella. If I hoped to produce anything but stalks and leaves, it would have to go. I brooded over it for a week before I took action. There were trees and to spare up and down the street; one small one on my side of the fence would never be missed. I borrowed a large saw and even before the news-boy had flung the morning papers up our front flight of steps I stole out in my dressing gown to do the dreadful deed.

With the tree gone I could see the light. I may never know the difference between annuals and perennials, but that is a small matter. As fast as one batch of flowers dies off I dash to the shop and buy another. Cleverly I buy them already in flower, so that to the eyes of the perpetually astonished milkman they appear to burst into bloom overnight, and what he thinks are daffodils one morning are primulas and wallflowers the next.



My early mornings are a constant, gentle delight. Absently I pick off dead leaves and uproot a weed or two, dreaming idly of gardens with a capital G. Homes and Gardens; Hanging Gardens; Chinese Temple Gardens; Monastery Gardens; and even Fairies at the bottoms of Gardens. Momentarily I mourn my departed tree which, had it been a palm, could have remained in *status quo*, with perhaps a rustic seat and a wicker table beneath it. But I can hardly sit out on the main street in my

mackintosh, a pink gin in one hand and an umbrella in the other, so perhaps I should abandon the garden furniture.

There is another and more pressing problem to be solved. The thingummies in the long bed are almost over and something must be bought to replace them. The man in the shop seems shocked by my abysmal ignorance and almost reluctant to serve me with anything. But what's in a name? Even a green gardener may have green fingers.

— DIANA PETRY

Come, Wear a Hat

AN unofficial survey (conducted by ourself from the terrace of a Paris café) has disclosed the fact that only one Frenchwoman under fifty, in fifty, wears a hat. Even in these days of growing hat resistance in all countries this figure for France, the country *par excellence* of the *haute mode*, is alarmingly high. In the upper age-groups our survey shows a slight increase in hat wearing. Between fifty and sixty the crescendo is barely noticeable: four per cent, or two to the fifty, to be exact. From sixty to eighty the rise is sharp: sixty per cent.

Obviously, from the eighties on, we fell down through want of sufficient data; but for what it is worth there is the case of the old lady of 104 who recently flew from France to Lima, to visit her children, in a hat (no, she actually *flew* in a 'plane, of course, you fools); from which isolated premiss, and at the risk of being thought unscientific, we are tempted to deduce that her age bracket (for she was evidently a woman of means) is a sure hundred percenter.

With this valuable information in hand we next got down to the Future of the Hat. If, our survey shows, the present degree of resistance continues (and the chances are that it will rise), and as women step, hatless, into their

next age-groups, and as the die-hards die off, the hat, by 1975, will be obsolete; and our as yet unborn tots will clamour at bedtime for "You know, Mummy, that lovely story about those killing things your Mummy used to wear on her head."

Please do not think for one moment, however, that the *haute mode* and the lesser mode and the furnishers to the business are taking this menace lying down. They are not such Mad Hatters as all that. All for one and one for all, they and their confrères in three other Western countries—Italy, Switzerland and Austria (Britain, true to form, is evidently fighting its hat-resistance bothers in splendid isolation)—have joined forces under the banner of an organization known as the *Institut Européen de la Mode*, whose aim it is to woo women back into hats.

"How," we asked the rather daunting (and hatted) young woman who looses the hounds of propaganda at the Paris end, "do you propose setting about it?"

"Undoubtedly the best approach," she said, "is to get headline women into hats and to plug the news for all we are worth. We are working on Brigitte Bardot at the present time. If we can get *her* to co-operate our mission will of course be as good as done."

Summit talks.

Meanwhile, one leading milliner in Paris has already given up the fight. He is Achilles, whose famous artichoke model, it will be remembered, shook the world of fashion for a season. Achilles has closed his salons in the *Rue de Surène* and hired himself a stand at the *Village Suisse*, the smaller, more select Flea Market in the shadow of the *Ecole Militaire*. Here he sells lampshades, which he runs up himself in his spare time, and they are going like hot cakes.

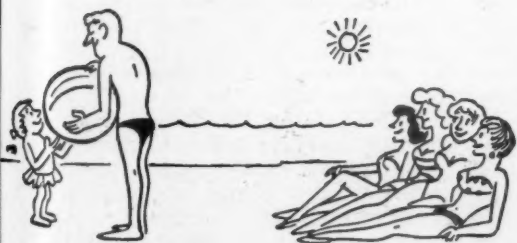
"The inspiration, the technique, is much the same," he told us, "and I have kept most of my old clients."

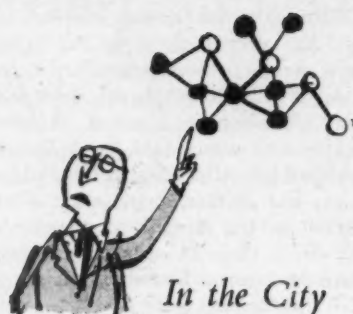
— PHYLLIS HEATHCOTE

Proposal Forms—4

GOD knows, Christabel, no woman could ever call me handsome, but you have to set against that the fact that I have an awful lot of shares in Independent Television. Then there is the thrilling realization that under the latest Budget I save eight hundred and sixty nine pounds three shillings a year on tax, that I am bang in the middle of an amusing little take-over bid, and that I am likely to become a baronet any minute. With it all my Yorkshire accent is still going strong.

Not, mark you, that I am a mere tycoon indifferent to culture—I believe in the arts like anything. My house in Eaton Square is just littered with Renoirs. Yes, it's true Tony pencilled in a moustache or two one night after a rather wild chemmy party—but these scions haven't had the upbringing we got in the old Higher Grade School at Leeds. Burglaries? Yes, I think I'm a rich enough man to promise you plenty of those. Any road, our name need never be out of the papers. And I forgot to mention. Aristotle has promised us the run of the yacht for our honeymoon.





In the City

Tails I Win—Heads I Win

I RETURN to the problem of takeover bids in general and to the Clore-Watney affair in particular, issues which were by no means exhausted in this column last week.

These events tend to arouse three distinct, and in each case very understandable, responses. There is, first of all, the essentially emotional reaction: the explosion by the Chairman of Watney Mann, to the effect that Mr. Clore's offer and initiative were "preposterous," or the A.P.H. broadside, "I disapprove of take-overs. It's simply not right for someone to reap the benefits of other people's work just by offering a ridiculous amount of money. What does this Mr. Clore know about pubs, anyway?" Here is *vox populi*, as heard in the clubs of St. James's or the public bars of any "Red Barrel" pub. And a very warm-hearted and righteously indignant voice it is.

Then there are the meaner, coldly rational tones of the economist, who argues the matter out in de-personalized terms of the "optimum utilization of scarce resources." If Mr. X, he says, can offer more for those shares than the price at which they are quoted in the market, it follows that the capital represented by this business is likely to be more profitably employed and better used in the national interest by the new man than by the present board.

This may be a cold, inhuman dialectic, but since shareholders are, by and large, mercenary people, they will inevitably be attracted by the fact that Mr. X offers them, usually in hard cash, an appreciably bigger price for the shares than the efforts of the present board have succeeded in imparting to them. In most cases this will prove the decisive argument.

Thirdly, there is the reaction of the sophisticated man in the street who has looked with some intelligence into the details of this particular take-over bid and may thereby be induced to ponder

on the strange world in which these affairs can take place. He will have gathered from the details of the offer that even if Mr. Clore fails to get his Watney he will clear a substantial profit on the deal. Before making his offer Mr. Clore had acquired a substantial line of Watney-Mann shares—rumour puts it at 500,000. These were bought either on personal account or through Sears Holdings, Mr. Clore's principal operating company, or through the Prince of Wales Theatre Company which he controls and whose cash assets are as well endowed as, and more substantially covered than, the exhibits on its stage.

One letter from Mr. Clore offering to take over Watney-Mann and the shares, then worth 52s. 6d., soared to 72s. 6d., so that on paper at least a profit of say £500,000 has been secured by a mere stroke of the pen. Whether Mr. Clore wins or loses in the major engagement,

he or his companies stand to make a substantial profit. The preliminary expenses had been covered before the deal was even broached.

Before we let our indignation run away with us, let us remember that Mr. Clore was, to some extent, putting himself at risk when he bought the shares. In laying out the million pounds or so he was acting on the result of a careful assessment of the Watney Mann propositions. There is value in the ability to appraise value itself. There must also be some virtue in Mr. Clore's capacity to ginger a board of directors into making the shares of their company worth as much as, or even more than, the offer made by an outsider. Even though it is indeed a strange world in which such events can unfold, it can be argued that what is good for the shareholders of Watney-Mann is good for the company, and maybe even for the country.

— LOMBARD LANE



In the Country

Have Your Cherry and Eat It

THERE are plenty of fruity faces on view at our annual fruit sale but no fruit. Of the lots listed in the "Catalogue of Cherries, Currants, Etc." the cherries are still on the trees, widespread round East Kent, the currants merely retain a courtesy mention on the cover for old time's sake, and the etc. are accessories for the preservation and collection of the cherries, such as scare-guns and ladders. It is up to the buyer to arrange for his cherries to be picked and carted—and while he is about it he may also arrange for their ultimate disposal. Hence the rich assortment of humanity in attendance, ranging from the gipsy with his pram to the railway official with notebook and pencil eagerly quivering in anticipation of fat freightage orders.

Many cherry-growers are daunted by the risks of sale by auction; for why, they argue, should they allow their orchards to be invaded by a horde of

unknown pickers for someone else's gain? But the vendor is stoutly protected by the Conditions of Sale, and the thing that surprises me is that more prospective buyers are not daunted by the risks of purchase. They may examine the orchards beforehand but have no guarantee that all the fruit will still be there when they come to collect it.

It may, for instance, have been destroyed by livestock grazing in the orchard. The buyer has no comeback, nor can he retaliate by letting loose either dogs or horses. But an even greater hazard for him surely lies in the condition which allows "the owners of the orchards, their families and friends at their houses, to have full right at all times to eat fruit while passing through any of the orchards."

Note the words "at their houses." Having sold his fruit, a man cannot then ask his friends over for a free day's guzzling, but if he has them all to stay, turning the billiards room into a dormitory, they can indulge in a veritable orgy at the buyer's expense. All he can do about it, poor chap, is to insist that every cherry thus taken is consumed on the premises and to call on his pickers for a supreme effort to forestall the eaters.

Prices paid for the cherries in an orchard range from £200 to £2 per acre. I often wonder whether the appetites of sellers and their friends have anything to do with this wide divergence.

— GREGORY BLAXLAND

Toby Competitions

No. 72—Hair-Raiser

ASSUME that a publisher of cheap thrillers decides to publish a set of Shakespeare's plays. Provide the blurb for any one play that his usual blurb-writer might produce. Limit: 120 words.

A prize consisting of a framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up will receive a book token to the value of one guinea. Entries by first post on Friday, June 19, to TOBY COMPETITION No. 72, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Report on Competition No. 69

(These Things Having Been Done)

This entry, though not large, had quality. The requirement was to rephrase an extract from the classics from the Russian point of view, seeing that Russian may replace Latin as a university entrance subject. Caesar had the popular vote. Some competitors offered amusing passages, sound enough politically but marred by modern idiom which struck a discordant note. One or two interpreted the classics so widely as to include the Bible, Alice, and Uncle Tom's Cabin. This was not meant. *Victor ludorum* is:

G. C. WARE

DEPARTMENT OF BACTERIOLOGY
UNIVERSITY OF BRISTOL

for the following:

All the world is divided into two parts. To the East, whence since early times great men of learning have been known to live and a tribe of remarkable ability was led by Brutanowitch, of whom it has been said that of all that tribe he was the noblest not only in activities of war and peace but also in that part of learning which in recent years, by the writings of the scholars, notably those of his own tribe, which, by the utterances of the oracle Brutanowitch himself on many occasions, is known to be favoured by the gods, and the sending of messengers, called Sputnikii, has become of great importance to peace, is the Soviet Union. In the other part live the barbarians.—*The Volga Wars. Book I. Brutanowitch*

Book-tokens have been awarded to:

Unseen Translation. *Oration Against Unnamed Western Warmongers* (after Cicero).

Even if we had not this cause, so right and so conspicuous, if the Poles, Hungarians, Germans and deprived peoples had not requested our aid, and if we should profess that we do, for the sake of International Peace, this, which we are now doing in order that the Western Nations—endowed with unparalleled avarice and audacity, whose exploitation and crimes we have known to be most enormous and most disgraceful, not only in the Middle Eastern states but in Africa, India and, in fine, in Europe, before the eyes of all men—should be met at Geneva—who pray could censure our conduct and our design?—*L. J. Hughes, 23 Cherry Garden Lane, Folkestone*

From Pliny's *Russianized Natural History*

Bears are the strongest of all animals. Yet at birth their cubs are red and shapeless lumps of flesh; these lumps are licked gently into shape by the mother bears. So Lenin and Stalin with loving care moulded the puny bleeding mass born of the Revolution into fearsome and virile adulthood. As the sage of the East says, "No shape, infinite possibilities." If the bear has a weakness it is his eyes, which are dim unless he seeks out a hive that his face may be stung by the bees to relieve the trouble with the blood. So Capitalistic stings make the Russian bear see clearer. As the sage of the East says, "Enemies are friends who keep our claws sharp."—*Granville Garley, 15 Doric Avenue South, Frodsham, Cheshire*

The Wanderings of Odysseyovich

(Translated from the original Russian by Zhivago Homer)

From Kremlin's lofty peak the gods surveyed
The world unkindly—sent forthwith a man,
Odys—by his Comrades clept was he—

To brainwash every lord and partisan
Who harboured anti-Social policy.

The Sirens' ghastly wail from U.S. shores
Sang of hire-purchase, colour-bar, of wealth,
Of brinkmanship and personal capital;
Tho' tempted, he eluded them by stealth
And sailed to England, land Imperial.

There, retired Generals of the Circe stamp
Said "We'll transform your men Conservative."
They did, but threat of far Siberian mine
Struck each comrade (who preferred to live)
And all were saved, toeing the Party line.

In spite of faint St. Pancreatic hope
They left, and Fascist hyenas were sought
To conquer—and they strove with pow'ful might
To convert; then, by failure nigh distraught,
Fell back to making tanks and satellites.

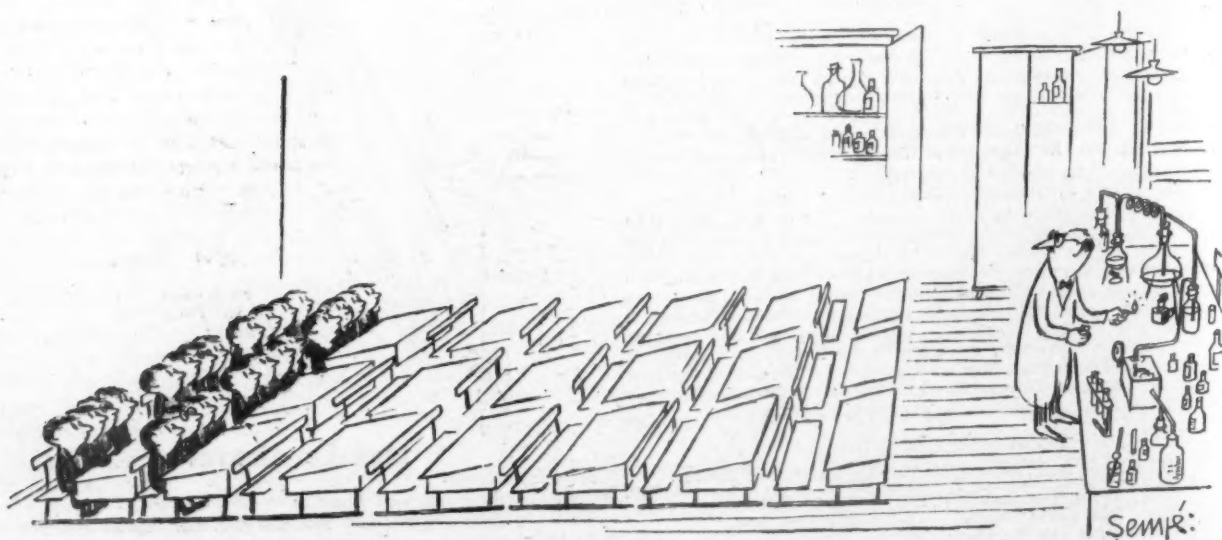
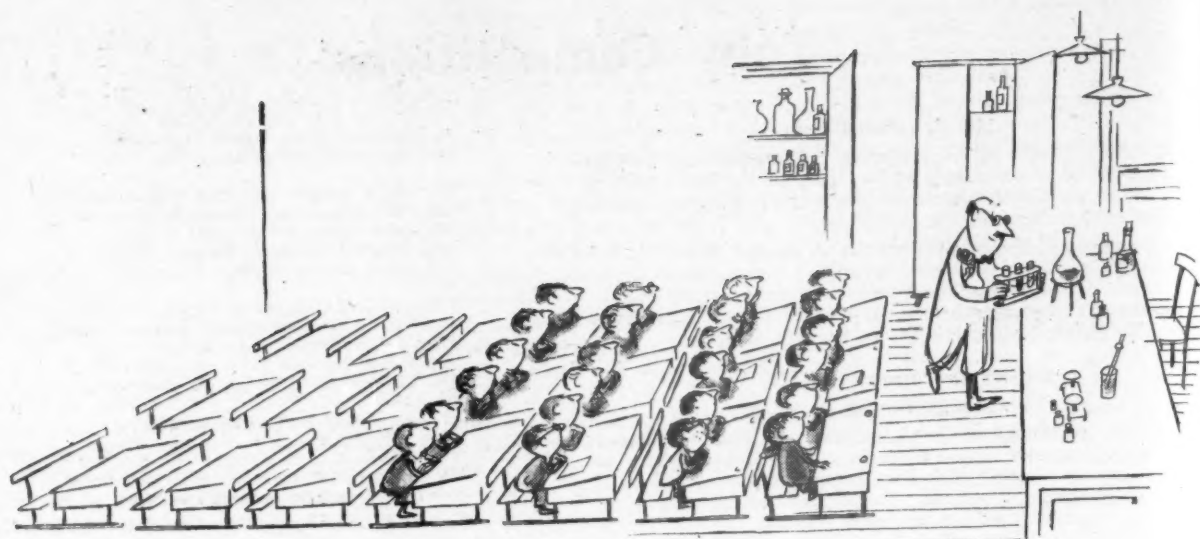
Graham M. Brown, 83 Wilberforce Road, London, N.4

Bentley's Gallery



KINGSLEY MARTIN

Kingsley Martin
Puts his whole soul and heart in
To "The New Statesman," tho' you may not think the ink
In his veins is an attractive shade of pink.



Sempé:



BOOKING OFFICE

The Go-Between

Edward Marsh. A Biography. Christopher Hassall. Longmans, 42/-

EARLY in this biography its author reveals, with tactful honesty, that its subject, thanks to an illness in adolescence, was destined "to live and die as chaste as the day he was born." This perhaps provides a key to the personality and the role in society of Sir Edward Marsh, a loved and civilized figure who flitted, in a monocle, across the social and cultural scene of five successive reigns, coming of age under Queen Victoria and dying a few weeks before the accession of Queen Elizabeth. The disability endowed him with a high gentle voice, which set him (in his own words) "squeaking and jibbering like a ghost in the streets of Rome" and of which Sir Winston remarked, when its user contracted a chill in the throat, "What's this? Is that resonant organ altogether extinct?" It endowed him also with an undemanding and affectionate nature, which won him friends so innumerable that his letters to and about them here occupy the best part of a book some seven hundred pages long.

Eddie Marsh was one of life's spectators. He did not seek to be great; he was content to act as a go-between for the great—and the great-to-be. As a scholar he aspired to no creative work, but was content to enjoy, to quote, and in later years to translate the works of others—to say nothing of correcting, in scholarly fashion, the literary proofs of his friends. As a Civil Servant he devoted—in a sense sacrificed—the greater part of his career to Sir Winston Churchill, whom he served as a faithful secretary. As a social favourite he was a catalyst, conducting, with his table talk and his lightly-worn learning, to the dissolution of differences between various elements.

It was however as a patron, both of painting and of literature, that his name deserves to survive. Blessed each year with a fraction of what he liked to call the "murder money," the sum paid in compensation to the descendants of his great-grandfather, the assassinated Premier Spencer Perceval, he began from an early age not only to collect pictures but to help impoverished painters and writers, many of whom were to win renown. "A midwife to spirits more creative than himself," he founded and edited "Georgian Poetry," delivering into the world a family of poets which made a mark on its age, if only in terms of "a new orthodoxy for the moderns to react against." Its brightest star was Rupert Brooke, for whom Marsh conceived a romantic affection, grieving deeply at his death and afterwards fretting as his biographer, at the obstructionism of his mother, determined that her son should go down to posterity decently emulated into the semblance of a myth.

POETS' CORNER



14. EZRA POUND

785

Eddie Marsh's letters—to such people as Brooke, Henry James, Robert Bridges, Edmund Blunden, Walter de la Mare, Ivor Novello, the Asquiths, the Lyttons, the silver-spoon-fed youths of the doomed Edwardian generation—throw pinpoints of light not merely on the struggles and squabbles of the giants and pigmies of literature but on a High Society relishing such entertainments as Maurice Baring's whimsies and "a jolly at the Mannesers," and above all on himself, reading poetry aloud at breakfast, enduring at dinner "the narrowest escape, the worst floater of my life," standing up to a charging rhinoceros with a pink umbrella, composing anagrams "to amuse the P.M. and Violet," losing £9 to the King of Portugal at mah-jong, seeing in one of the Grenfells "the body of a Greek god and the face of a water-baby." There may be too many of these letters, in a book that is rather too big for its subject's boots. More of what the great thought—and what the author thought—of Eddie Marsh would have been welcome. The prince of proof-readers must turn in his grave to see Degas spelt with an acute accent on the *e* and his elegant friend Sir George Grahame without an *e* to his name. But Mr. Hassall has performed a labour of love conscientiously, and his tome will for long be an inviting reservoir of information for social students of the first half of the twentieth century.

— KINROSS

NEW FICTION

Bond of Perfection. Stella Zilliacus. Secker and Warburg, 18/-
The Breaking Point. Daphne du Maurier. Gollancz, 15/-
A Stranger Here. G. R. Fazakerley. Macdonald, 13/6
Henderson the Rain King. Saul Bellow. Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 16/-

Twentieth-century novelists brood on violence because its survival in a world of increasing, though still localized, kindness gives it a rarity interest. They address readers who

are cherished by the community in old age, not slid out on to the ice to die. This concentration on archaic types means that modern fiction is full of special cases.

In *Bond of Perfection* a half-foreign wife with a rich, arty, casual background is married to one of the most complete cads in literature. She sticks to him despite his bullying, treachery and drunkenness and his sister's jealous hostility. He toys with several careers, the least convincing of which is estates bursar of an Oxford College. The novel's narrative vigour and firm attempt to face the nature of charity carry it over a few novelettish passages. For all its intelligence it fudges the fact that villains feed their villainy on self-sacrifice, and helping them to indulge in the luxury of sado-masochism, especially at the expense of your child's childhood, is not a virtue but a vice. Cads must be cured or defeated. That is one way the area of violence has been lessened.

Miss du Maurier says that in these short stories "a link between reason and emotion is stretched to the limit of endurance and sometimes snaps." This theme seems little more than a linking gimmick, perhaps because the stories deal with oddity. They are varied and extremely readable and several have very original plots. It is true one feels "This is new," rather than "I have never before seen reality from this angle," but the feeling "This is new" is not often produced by contemporary fiction. The degree of ambition varies but the ambition is generally achieved. "The Alibi" and "The Blue Lenses" are ingeniously horrible.

A Stranger Here is yet another novel about coloured men in Britain. The strongest part is the dramatizing of differences between the coloured men themselves. Should the West Indian show the white man he is capable of the highest class of work or should he avoid trouble by staying at the bottom of the labour pool? The hero takes the first course and even marries a white girl but, with the fear of unemployment following the credit squeeze, race riots break out over him. The violence is horrifying, but has it really very much to do with the colour-bar? Anti-West Indian feeling is no worse and no better than anti-Jewish or anti-Catholic or anti-Irish feeling. Geographically violence is limited to neglected areas like dockland and Notting Hill. It is not, as in the days of the rule of the mob, present through most cities from centre to circumference.

Henderson the Rain King is about the kind of violence that is personal energy gone wrong. The hero is a large, rich American who is both invigorated and abashed by the contemplation of his own forces. Why, he feels, should his strength and his burning desire to be helpful inhabit the same vast body as cruelty and destructiveness and plain silliness? He flees to Africa from the home he has trampled and, by using his muscular power in a ritual, becomes the rain king of a tribe. It all ends in failure and he returns with a lion-cub and a Persian-speaking orphan he has picked up, still hopeful and energetic but with his helpfulness always on the point of turning into destructive clumsiness and his energy a hairsbreadth from mania.

The novel has the rich texture and packed invention of *Augie Marsh*. I liked this extraordinary roar of a book; but Henderson represents something prehistoric not degenerate, the past not the future, and his adventures do not have universality.

— R. G. G. PRICE

AT THE PLAY

The Rough and Ready Lot
(LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH)

The Prodigal Wife (WINTER GARDEN)

THE 59 Theatre Company ends its first season at the Lyric, Hammersmith with a new play called *The Rough and Ready Lot*, by Alun Owen.

The Rough and Ready Lot is a well-made play on traditional lines, extraordinary chiefly in that it is composed in dialogue that verges on the lyrical. Set in a Spanish-American republic shortly after the American Civil War, it treats of a single incident in the bitter struggle by the native Indians to overthrow their Spanish creole masters. This background is exciting in itself, and might well have proved confusing in a play; but the author brings the situation clearly before us, without fuss, in a few sure strokes of theatre. During a battle, in an outbuilding of a monastery we meet the colonel commanding a force of Indians and his three officers. All four are professional soldiers. The colonel is a Yorkshireman who has roamed the world fighting other people's battles and continually finding himself on the losing side—searching always for a place where he can make a home, and always pathetically failing. Captain O'Keefe is a fanatical Roman Catholic Irishman, with a warlike demeanour as tough as his faith. Captain Morgan is a sternly realistic Welshman, a self-styled anti-Christ. Between these two there smoulders a fierce hatred, brought at last to its climax by the predicament which forms the core of the play. Captain Kelly is another Irishman, whose guiding principle seems to be to keep the hounds from getting at the hare, without actually either hunting or running himself. A prudent member, in fact. The crisis is quickly arrived at. In order to win the final battle it is essential to shell the nearby monastery; but this is an especially sacred place, for a Roman Catholic native once saw a vision of the Virgin there. The colonel, fully aware of the characters and inclinations of his officers, asks for their opinions as to what course he should adopt, and from this moment the play moves forward powerfully to its tragic conclusion, with a last moment of deepest irony.

Mr. Owen held my interest during every moment of his three acts—even during passages that came perilously close to soliloquy—as much by his alert command of language as by his sure knowledge of what will or will not be



The Colonel—RUPERT DAVIES

Captain Kelly—JACK MACGOWRAN

[The Rough and Ready Lot]

theatrically effective. His piece is finely directed by Casper Wrede, and he could surely not have asked for better players than Rupert Davies as the Colonel, Alan Dobie as Morgan, Patrick Allen as O'Keefe, and Jack MacGowran as one of those uproariously comical Dubliners he always impersonates so well.

This history of the drama holds many mysteries, but surely none can be so strange and wonderful as the motives which prompted David Horne to write *The Prodigal Wife*, the backers to squander good money on having it presented, or the paying members of the audience to stay to the bitter end without setting fire to the Winter Garden Theatre. It would have taken a genius to add a single extra jot or tittle of stupefying dullness to this incredible work, so relentlessly had the author-actor-producer set about the task. I cannot find it in my heart to criticize it. For the sake of the good name of the West End I hope that by the time these notes appear it will have been removed to a safe place and decently forgotten.

—ALEX ATKINSON

AT THE PICTURES

Look Back in Anger—Rio Bravo

THE faults of *Look Back in Anger* (Director: Tony Richardson) must be the faults of the original play. I think this is as good a film as anyone could make given these characters and this theme.

The trouble with it is superficiality. There is not much wrong with it as momentary entertainment, but it does not in effect say anything, and the characters have no depth; the background scenes, or most of them, are more convincing. As written, the part of Jimmy Porter, the original Angry Young Man—can it really be only three years ago?—shows him to be a self-dramatizing, often amusing, often youthfully pretentious young actor (even to the habit of slipping into a burlesque music-hall turn for the laugh); but the character is not supposed to be a performer at all, apart from playing the trumpet at a jazz club in the evenings. What makes it still less convincing is that Richard Burton, though he gives a very good performance indeed, quite plainly has the experience and authority to have grown out of such young-man's exhibitionism, and does not suggest in either accent or manner the kind of husband to whom his wife's parents would have objected on social grounds. It was a mistake, by the way, to include scenes showing these parents in person: they seem absurd cardboard type-figures, the silver-haired ex-Empire-builder and his haughty *grande dame* wife, whereas if we merely heard Jimmy's description of them we could imagine—that real people something like that did exist.



[Look Back in Anger

Jimmy Porter—RICHARD BURTON

But a skilful and amusing exhibitionist makes a good central figure for a play, because in establishing his character he cannot help entertaining the audience too. The things he says and does for their shocking and upsetting effect on other people in the story amuse and interest the detached observer.

I insist, however, that the piece doesn't really say anything. Jimmy is angry about social injustice and so forth as a great many other people are, and he makes the expression of his anger striking enough, *for the moment*; but in effect it is just a comment, a footnote. He gives his wife hell, and he has an interlude of love for his wife's friend Helena (whom, as in the most conventional fiction, he began by hating), and at last he is reconciled with his wife. That's really all. But it is made into a real film, full of good detail and perpetually interesting to the eye and the ear. And there are several other excellent performances besides Mr. Burton's: Gary Raymond is good as Cliff the friend who lives with them, Mary Ure does all that could be done with the colourless part of the wife, Claire Bloom is good as Helena, and Edith Evans gives a gem of a sketch of the old Cockney Mrs. Tanner. Very good photography (Oswald Morris) and montage, or editing (Richard Best)—for instance, in the jazz-club scene behind the credit titles.

Both the others this time were hokum, but *Shake Hands with the Devil* pretends to be worth serious attention and I prefer to write about *Rio Bravo* (Director: Howard Hawks) because it is absolutely

shameless hokum, and an amusing curiosity for that reason. It is a very long (140 minutes), spectacular, highly-coloured Western, built round John Wayne as box-office star. There is good colour photography (Russell Harlan); the fine Texas background and many interiors and street scenes are worth looking at.

But two of the characters show the whole affair to be quite cynically commercial. One is the girl (Angie Dickinson), a gay bright-eyed beauty who—in this story of, presumably, the eighteenth-eighties or earlier—is utterly twentieth-century in manner, speech, hair-style and at least the upper half of her dress (not to mention one extraordinary scene where she appears in what looks like present-day night-club-girl costume, with nylon tights). The other is a slim youth (Ricky Nelson) whose part was plainly written in as wish-fulfilment for the teenagers in the audience: he has superlative skill with a gun, his split-second presence of mind and perfect aim save the Sheriff in a tight corner, he is cool, casual, commanding and respected by all, and there is even a guitar-and-song session set up for him. It's odd to think that the particular audience it is aimed at will take all this quite seriously.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Review next week of *The Diary of Anne Frank*. Other highly miscellaneous things of interest in London include the raucous but very funny *Some Like it Hot* (27/5/59), Lewis Milestone's *Pork Chop Hill* (3/6/59), the German *The*

Devil's General (3/6/59), the Hungarian *A Sunday Romance* (13/5/59), and the French *The Case of Dr. Laurent* (27/5/59), and still *Room at the Top* (4/2/59) and *Gigi* (18/2/59).

Nothing special among the releases. *Beyond this Place* (13/5/59) has much good character playing and *The Buccaneer* ("Survey," 20/5/59) is a spectacular absurdity.

— RICHARD MALLETT

At The Tournament

The Royal Tournament
(EARLS COURT)

LAST year's Tournament was hamstrung by the bus-strike, and for the first time in years there was no profit for the Service charities. That would be an extra reason, if such a thing were not so unnecessary, for going this year, when the Tournament is back right at the top of its form. All the old favourites are there, the R.H.A.'s musical ride, the field-gun race, the crazy motor-cyclists of the Royal Signals, and three big special items are outstanding. In ascending order of magnitude, they are the demonstration of parachute training by the R.A.F. Parachute School, with live drops from the ceiling; a splendid setpiece representing the capture of Quebec in 1759 which lacks only Wolfe's recitation of Gray's *Elegy*; and a truly remarkable display in which the Navy trace the course of a battle, in the near future, between nuclear submarines. This includes an entire convoy of merchant ships, a hostile sub that surfaces and submerges (and sinks), a

marine operations room, a surface-to-surface missile, the interior of H.M.S. *Dreadnought*, and two helicopters.

— B. A. YOUNG

ON THE AIR

Fair Stands the Wind for Corn

HERE is a self-confessed teen-age idol ("Their interest in me is mainly hero-worship") being interviewed for that slick organ of caff society downtown, the *TV Times*.

Richard. *Everyone says that, but it's not true. I don't copy him. We both sing the same kind of music, but there the similarity ends. For instance, I wiggle my hips in a different way to Elvis.*

You seem to do more of this on the stage than on TV.

Richard. *Quite right. Producer Jack Good doesn't like me to wiggle much in "Oh Boy!"*

This is a fair example of the edifying literary appeal of independent television's leading magazine. It is also a fair sample of the central drive behind the phenomenal success of junior show biz.

Cliff Richard is a young singer of rock who roared to stardom nine months ago at the age of seventeen. He has appeared successfully on BBC and ITV shows, topped the bill in theatrical variety, and is now making the inevitable film. He is supposed to be Britain's answer to Elvis Presley. Richard, like most rock singers, dances from the knees in a style borrowed from African warriors. The legs are planted firmly apart, Western gunman

fashion, and then the knees and thighs are made to flap wildly like bunting in a gale. The general impression is suggestive of a reasonably athletic young man trying to ride a breathless pig.

I suppose this dance is intended to be sexy. Certainly it evokes maddening screams and ejaculations of passionate devotion from young females in the audience, and Richard's unsmiling visage, with pout and frown, is so arranged, I dare say, to suggest immense reserves of emotional turbulence. I can only report that I find the performance—in small doses—wonderfully comic. It is a perfect charade of modern values, for in some strange way I can see in it elements of Teddy Boy, Angry Young Man, Piltown-Wolfenden and regenerative advertising.

Q. Are you frightened of being mobbed?

A. *Not in my own town, but I have to be careful in other places. After I had done my first "Oh Boy!" and went into the street outside, the girls ripped all the gold buttons off my expensive satin shirt.*

Q. Do you get many letters?

A. *Most of my mail is from girls saying things like: "I dig you the most..."*

So much for "Oh Boy!", "Drumbeat", and the rest.

By contrast Frankie Vaughan, who appeared in Bernard Delfont's "Saturday Spectacular," is considered something of a square, possibly a triangle. Vaughan dances with a wiggle too, but he moves his feet and struts about the stage in the conventional music-hall fashion. He is a crack professional, handling top hat, boater, cane and grin with engaging skill, and his voice is a warm, friendly synthesis of croon, rock, giggle and growl. Moreover, he has rhythm.

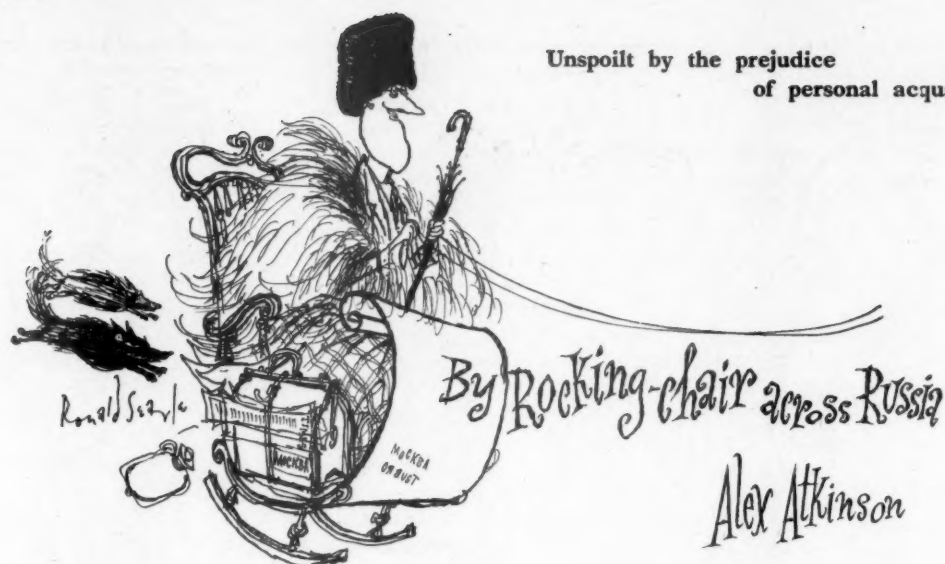
I mentioned my preference for Vaughan (and it is only a preference) to a young lady who works on the land and is occasionally in need of a lift. She was horrified and certainly didn't dig me the most. But when I mentioned Ella Fitzgerald, Clam Hauser and one or two others who sing and zing, she became so strangely silent that I was able to write her off. Almost. After a brief but noisy exchange with the gears I apologized, and she said: "Thought you were trying to beat the clock or something. Like it?"

She referred of course to ITV's "ever-popular game" (Presented by arrangement with Goodson and Todman and CBS), one of the chief attractions of Val Parnell's "Sunday Night at the London Palladium." And interpreting my slow roll of the head as a negative response she went on: "Don't you really! It's smashing. Well, you do surprise me. And I thought you were the athletic type, keen on cricket and that. You must have a blind spot, most likely."

I admitted to more than one.

— BERNARD HOLLOWOOD





Unspoilt by the prejudice
of personal acquaintance

Alex Atkinson

II

THE MAN IN THE STREET

I SUPPOSE the most staggering thing about Moscow is that *practically everybody you meet there wears a wristwatch*. Make no mistake, the sooner we in the West wake up to this fact the better. During the whole of my stay I saw only *one* person carrying an hour-glass, and sundials are virtually unknown. At the same time, it must not be taken for granted that all these wrist-watches are necessarily of perfect mechanical construction or design. Far from it. Out of the two thousand and eighty-seven that I examined ("Excuse me," I would say, nudging my neighbour in the middle of the second act of *Uncle Vanya*, or beckoning to some old woman road-sweeper as I paused to light a fresh cigar, "but I wonder if I might unscrew the back off your wrist-watch for a moment?") nine hundred and twenty-two had stopped, forty-three had grit in the ratchet, just under a thousand were ten minutes fast, and one was fitted with an old bit of string instead of a strap. ("It is monstrous!" exclaimed the owner of the latter instrument, a janitor employed by the Moscow Urban District Council Communal Tractor Repair School Extra-Mural Society for the Propagation of Realist Culture and Basket Weaving. "Already one in fifty Russian people have access to running water, yet we cannot produce a watch-strap of any consequence. Bureaucracy! Nothing

but bureaucracy! First things first, that is what I say. As for this oaf, Khrushchev, I wouldn't trust him to run a cake factory." Then he clapped a hand abruptly to his mouth, pulled his cap over his eyes, and scuttled down the Metro like a rabbit.)

It is not only watches. Sugar basins are made of some strange, soft metal, and will not bounce. Glue is not sticky enough. Men's hats are a different shape from men's heads: they make your ears stick out. The telephone in my hotel room smelt of acacia on Fridays. Ladders tend to wobble. Local newspapers burn sluggishly. If you leave a kopeck in a basin of water overnight it goes rusty. Once when I jumped on a bus, the step fell off into the road. The spokes of the bicycles looked pretty flimsy to me, and middle C-sharp sounded flat on most of the pianos I tried. The only inter-continental ballistic missile I saw was made partly of stiff cardboard, and would very likely blow inside out in a high wind. Soap in Moscow has a funny taste. You can put your fist through the panels of the parlour door in any worker's flat.* Little nuts keep dropping out of electric irons if you're not careful. I couldn't find a corkscrew that you put on top of the bottle and just keep on screwing until the cork comes up although I searched high and low, and one rather cheeky shop-assistant told my interpreter that such a device was no more

*You have to be in condition, but it can be done.

than a bourgeois fantasy, existing only in the drug-sodden imagination of the slave-workers of President Hoover and the Duke of Bedford.

"I assure you," I said sharply, "that I have one at home."

"That is no proof," said the shop-assistant, "that it is real. And even if it were it would amount to no more than yet another attempt to drive a wedge between the U.S.S.R. and the Chinese People's Republic."

"Your tie is crooked," I said, and my interpreter took me out.

"You're going the right way," said my interpreter, "to get a punch on the nose."

"My good friend," I said, "it is only by the free and frank exchange of views that we can ever hope to iron out our differences."

We then got stuck in the revolving door, and it took the maintenance staff half an hour to set us free with hacksaws.

"My God," said the chief maintenance man, "these newfangled gadgets aren't worth the paper they're written on."

I smiled.

"In my country," I said, "revolving doors never give a moment's trouble."

"Maybe not," said the chief maintenance man. "But just you wait till they've *perfected* them."

On the other hand it should be remembered that when it comes to false hair, wooden ink-wells, sound-proofing, currant bread, half-inch cast-iron ball-



bearings, jig-saw puzzle replacements, tortoiseshell earrings, ready reckoners, sand, two-way retractable flange compressors in laminated termite-proof lignite, plastic egg-separators and home-repair boot and shoe outfits, the Soviet Union is probably far ahead of its nearest rival, Moravia. As for Russian ice-cream, it comes in forty flavours, ranging from soused herring to strawberry.

The mention of ice-cream (or *morozhenoye*, to be precise) reminds me that it was in a soda-fountain that I first made contact with the Moscow beat generation.

"Hi, friend!" called a young man of about seventeen with long side-whiskers, who was lounging against the jam-tart counter as I entered. "How are the tricks with you?"

I recognized him at once as a Teddy-boy, for, quite apart from his drooping moustache, Russian Edwardian garb is distinctive. He wore a smoking-cap with a tassel, plush knee-breeches, the ribbon of the Order of Czar Nicholas I, a double-breasted brocade waistcoat, high-heeled boots and a crimson-lined cloak of ocelot trimmed with sable. As he spoke he tapped an antique snuff-box. At his feet an elk-hound menacingly bared its yellow fangs.

I bought him a coffee *morozhenoye* with chopped cherries, and we fell into conversation. He had learned to speak English at night-school, when he wasn't cutting off the girls' pigtailed with a Caucasian clasp-knife, and he was most anxious to meet Marilyn Monroe, Laura La Plante and Anna May Wong, in any order. He was, he explained, a very desperate character—the spoiled son of well-to-do parents. His father was a secretary in the State Plant for the manufacture of Tram-Drivers' Gloves, and his mother was out most of the day, lolling about on divans in seedy hotels with a Manchurian diplomat who was crazy about her feet. They allowed him to read smuggled copies of *La Vie Parisienne*, *Harper's Bazaar* and the *Capuchin Journal* until all hours. He also ate lumps of sugar soaked in eau-de-Cologne, and he was the leader of a gang of delinquents called the Moscow Layabouts. They chalked quotations from D'Annunzio on the walls of the Spasski Tower, threw fireworks at bus queues, slashed cinema seats, chased old ladies up dark alleys,

stole coats, and dropped empty cigarette packets in the public highway.

"It is partly your fault, bud," he told me, "because we are assimilating Western culture hand over the fist. Ever since Mr. Dulles was visiting here the Moscow young have been dunking doughnuts in their tea. I also know a young female who is in possession of a hula hoop. Nightly she twirls it on her neck, crying out 'I do not care! I do not care!' Do you know Grace Moore?"

"Unfortunately, no."

"She appeared for the premier time at the Colonial Theatre, Boston, in *Hitchy-Coo* in 1920. This was the commencement of a new trend in Western culture, which culminated in *Rose Marie* and *Waiting for Lefty*. Have you seen these yet?"

"Yes"

"I dig mostly jive. I have a smuggled record of 'The Pagan Love Song' rendered by Ramon Novarro."

"That must be very nice."

"It is out of this world. When I am married I do not intend to be faithful. Man alive, I will horse around like nobody's business, and dance to the music of Debroy Somers and the Savoy Orpheans, of which I have three records. I will criticize the régime and have a mistress. I am a regular devil, and I don't mean maybe. If you come to my home I will show you a smuggled photograph of King George the Fifth wearing a crown. He was a noted capitalist who hunted birds in the Scottish tundra."

"Why will you criticize the régime?"

"I did not say I will criticize the régime."

"You did, distinctly."

"How dare you come here spreading lies and poison? I love the régime passionately. It is only through suffering that we can hope to win through in the end, and God knows I wish I were dead."

Here he rested his head on a tin of wafer biscuits and sobbed piteously. Certainly, I reflected, the Russian character is a labyrinth.

Not that this boy was typical. I found most Muscovites charming, friendly people, with sharp teeth and unusual cuff-links. They were sometimes dark, and sometimes fair-complexioned, and the older ones were often rather deaf. Some, whose eyesight was obviously failing, wore glasses. But it was chiefly by their clothes that

one could tell they were Russian. For hours I would watch them shuffling past the skyscrapers on the Kotelnitscheskaja-Kai, like brown lumps in the snow. The women wore coarse shawls, beige homespun overcoats and men's boots. The men wore dark second-hand suits a size too big, with shoddy peaked caps or fur bonnets. Now and then one more desperate than the rest would detach himself from the throng and, approaching me with a finger to his forelock, offer to buy my socks. In a single afternoon I remember I got rid of an old duffel coat, two cellular under-vests, a pair of wellingtons, several hacking jackets, a camel-hair coat with a hole in one pocket, some cork insoles (various sizes), an opera-hat, a pin-stripe suit, three pairs of cricket boots (hardly worn), a bundle of double-ended evening ties, two plastic macs and a deerstalker hat. It was pathetic to see their eager faces as they jostled and bargained, and I was glad that I happened to have brought a couple of extra trunks along with me, filled to the brim with tempting garments. (For such remote places as Ashkhabad or Severnaya Zemlya I had a supply of beads and brightly coloured cotton-piece goods.) I was pleased, too, to receive in exchange such amusing native items as shop-soiled transistor valves, spare parts for computers, simple slabs of caviar, electronic devices of all kinds, collapsible jet engines, gold ornaments, small radio telescopes, and money.

This passionate interest in Western consumer goods is widespread. More than once, as I stopped in the street to take photographs of the frescoes on the southern portal of the Cathedral of the Ascension of the Virgin Mary, or the Ivan Veliki Bell-tower, or the apartment blocks on the Mozhaitsk Chaussee, or some weeping drunk being hustled into a van by the M.V.D., I would find myself suddenly surrounded by Moscow citizens of all ages. They seemed to sense that I was English (it may have been my shooting-stick), and after a few preliminary shouts of "We wish only for peace!" they would press close to me, fondling my camera, my umbrella, my pipe, my straw hat, my pearl-handled miniature revolver. Little children were lifted shoulder-high to smell my hair-oil.

"Feel the quality!" they would cry, plucking at my lapels with work-worn fingers. "Many wage-slaves must have

perished under the lash producing such material!" A babel of voices would arise, as the questions and excited exclamations echoed in the wintry air. Those who could speak English showed off their accomplishment proudly: those who could not had to make do with Russian.

"Where is your monocle, your excellency?"

"My children crave gum!"

"Get your hair cut!"

"What about the Black and Tans?"

"I will sign your autograph book for fifty kopecks!"

"Stop shoving at the back there!"

"We want Field-Marshal Montgomery!"

"What an exquisite complexion!"

"Enemies of Marxism, go home!"

"Kiss me, little Father!"

"Stand back, give him air!"

It was quite embarrassing at times, so great was their eagerness to see and hear and touch a living being reared in the dread shadow of democracy; but I bore it with *sangfroid*, and during my stay managed to sell four of my cameras for a little under 1500.50 roubles—a considerable gain. All over Moscow you can see Russians gathered in circles, and at the centre of each circle there will either be an English trade union man swapping his cigarettes for vodka, or an American tourist buying up at five dollars a time old ikons that have been

gathering dust in attics for years. So, little by little, the Iron Curtain is being torn down, and the men in the street of East and West are coming to know one another face to face.

Apart from the Gorki Park for Culture and Recreation, where the local people gather in their thousands to ride the roller-coasters, listen to Shostakovich played by the town band, attend lectures on the Care and Maintenance of Communal Tractors, or watch mass demonstrations of arms-outward-stretch and economical muck-spreading in the open-air theatres, the best place to see the inhabitants close to is while they are out shopping. They shop in a three-storey nationally-owned department store called GUM on the Red Square, which would have been considered dowdy by Queen Victoria. The only touches of gaiety come from the whirr of the overhead wires along which the customers' change is transported in little round boxes, and the occasional busy rattle as a black-clad salesgirl manipulates her abacus. There is a smell of mothballs and musty peter-sham. The customers move patiently along the dim arcades, gingerly stroking here a bar of chocolate (£1 6s. 7½d.), there a tin of talcum powder (£1 10s. 0d.). They gaze with awe at the tiny, cob-webbed, dangerous-looking washing-machines (£101 17s. 0d.), the dusty loaves (five bob), the photographs of

Marx or the Blagovestschenski Cathedral (1½d.), the hatpins (3/9) and the sliced boiled beetroot (all you can eat for fourpence). They point with pride to the camisole they have been saving up to buy for eighteen months, and when the armed floor-walker approaches them at the tinned salmon counter they back away murmuring "We're just looking round, sir, thank you."

I have watched them emerging from GUM at closing time, adjusting their mufflers and ear-flaps as they queue up in the slush for their suburban trolley-buses, with their parcels of dried Icelandic perch or hand-embroidered dishcloths. I have seen them look up at the stark, bright neon signs flashing on and off against the night sky—"Save String!" and "Buy Savings Stamps!" and "Take That Grin Off Your Face!" and "Enrol Now for Moon Service!" And I have asked myself "What is it about the Reading Room in the British Museum?"

Next Week:

My Meeting with Khrushchev



Troublemaker

"Soon after his arrival at Urchfont he started a Sunday School in the village and there are now 40 scholars. He also started an undenomination Youth Club and has been instrumental in getting a new heating system in the church."

Wiltshire Gazette and Herald



COPYRIGHT © 1959 by Bradbury, Agnew & Company, Limited. All rights of reproduction are reserved in respect of all articles, sketches, drawings, etc., published in PUNCH in all parts of the world. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will always consider requests for permission to reprint. Editorial contributions requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of trade, except at the full retail price of 5d.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of trade or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Reg'd at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. APPLICATION TO MAIL AT SECOND-CLASS POSTAGE RATES IS PENDING AT NEW YORK 1, N.Y. Postage of this issue: Gt. Britain and Eire 2½d.; Canada 1d.; Elsewhere Overseas 3½d. Mark Wrapper top left-hand corner "Canadian Magazine Post" "Printed Papers—Reduced Rate."

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION RATES (including all Special and Extra Numbers and Postage):

Great Britain and Eire £2.18.0; Canada (by Canadian Magazine Post) \$2.10.0 (\$7.25); Elsewhere Overseas £3.0.0 (U.S.A. \$9.00).

U.S.A. and Canadian readers may remit by cheques on their own Banks. Other Overseas readers should consult their Bankers or remit by Postal Money Order. For prompt service please send orders by Air Mail to PUNCH, 10 Boulevard Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C.1, England.

